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# Edgefield Advertiser.

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AUGUSTA, GA.

THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1899.

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## WHEN MIDIA SINGS.

When Midia sings, for many a mile  
The feathered flocks forsake the skies,  
And swooping earthwards for awhile,  
Hush all their liquid harmonies;  
And lightly borne on lisping wings,  
Listen and learn, when Midia sings.

When Midia sings, the river stirs  
His own inimitable song,  
And lures down the watery ways,  
And lures and lists the reeds among,  
And lulls the myriad murmurings  
Of his old marsh, when Midia sings.

When Midia sings, the glad glads hush  
Their ceaseless chirring o'er the fields;  
No more they harp on reed and rush,  
No more they whisper through the woods,  
Idle and mute their fringed strings,  
In branch and brake, when Midia sings.

When Midia sings, earth's every tongue  
Is dumb before her larger skill,  
But there be goodly songs unsung,  
And music lingers in a thrill;  
Wherefore it is my dull heart rings,  
Most musical, when Midia sings.  
—Fall Mail Gazette.

## ELSIE'S APTITUDE.

How a Bevy of College Girls Taught Self-Help to a "Chum in Distress."

BY ISABELLA M. ANDREWS.

Pretty Kitty Kenyon, with a bag of books in one hand and a box of candy in the other, ran through the halls of one of the "overflow" dormitories of Finley college, gave a peculiar knock at several carefully selected doors, tossed among the peaceful occupants a bombshell in the startling announcement, "Council of War in Sparrow's Nest, Two o'clock sharp!" and vanished amid a shower of questions, exclamations, reproaches and appeals for candy.

It was half-past one then, and two o'clock saw a dozen girls, respectfully curious over Elsie Sparrow's reddened eyes, assembled for the council, Kitty presiding with great dignity.

"You have been called together, ladies," she began impressively, "for purposes of consultation and aid in a most trying case. O girls! she went on, and this was as long as Kitty's dignity usually lasted. 'Elsie's father has lost all his money, and she thinks she will have to leave college! Now the question is, aren't any of us bright enough to think of any way she can earn some money and stay?'

There were cries of sympathy and distress all around the room, and Elsie, with tears flowing again, and Mary and Mabel and Edith and Alice and Kitty and Gertrude all besieging her with questions and commiseration, began to feel some consolation for her troubles in the importance they brought her.

"It isn't as if I could do anything great and glorious to help things out at home," she said at length. "If I could I wouldn't mind leaving college so much, but Grace is at home, and mamma is going to send our old Ellen away—and she's been with us ever since I can remember—and mamma and Grace are going to get on alone. So I'm not really needed. Mamma

"Glorious!" "Just the thing!" "Bravo!" from everybody at once. "How lucky you room alone, Elsie!" added Kitty. "You can mess all you like with nobody to smell, taste, touch, see or hear."

Elsie still looked doubtful. "Do you think I could make anything at all?" she said, hesitatingly. "I know I can do all those things. It's my own gift; but there doesn't seem to be the usual 'long-felt want.'"

"Oh, yes, there is," said Mary, positively. "I'm chairman of the refreshment committee for the freshman spread, and every single girl on that committee has privately groaned to me that she didn't see how she could find a minute to give it. I'll call that committee together tomorrow morning, and I'm sure it will be the greatest relief in the world to put the whole thing into your hands if you will take it."

"It happens just right, too," Mary hurried on, "for we can make this your debut, Elsie dear, and I prophesy that orders will pour in upon you. Frances Cox has a little 'at home' the week after for those friends of hers that came this year, and you know she has loads of money and hates to work. And then there's the senior reception to the sophomores and by and by the freshman reception to the classes that have entertained them and any number of little ones coming along all the time. And think of commencing! Oh, yes, my dear! Your fortune is made. The path of glory leads—no, that isn't it, I mean—"

"Victory calls you; on, be ready!" quoted Mabel.

Elsie lay awake nights planning the freshman spread. It was a great success, though quite as simple as the college spreads usually were, but it was full of novelties and surprises, for

Howard's advice. I am to set sail for myself as caterer and decorator! Mrs. Howard has always lived in the city and has a great many friends there, and she says she knows there is an opening all ready for me.

"Of course I can come out here, too! and I shall hope to keep my patrons here. So there's my long-dreamed-of career out and dried! Now wish me luck before we say good by, and be sure to remember me when you are preparing for your wedding and wakes!"

Success came none too quickly nor too easily, but it came. And perhaps the best success lay not in the career itself, but in the lesson it taught her that if she couldn't do a thing in one way she could in another; that a special talent is too precious a sign of the niche we are meant to fill to be lightly disregarded; and that, in good old Herbert's words:

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws  
Makes that and th' action fine.  
—Youth's Companion.

## "BROTHER OF THE GIRLS."

The Power of Enduring Pain Shown by the Soudanese Is Incredible.

The power of enduring pain exhibited by the Nubians of the Soudan is almost incredible. This is strongly instanced in the competition by the youths of the villages for the championship of their camps.

It is a much coveted honor to be called "Akho Benat" (the brother of the girls), and the youth who attains this distinction is entitled to marry the belle.

The competition itself is a most agonizing spectacle. It commences by the maidens, on certain festivals, beating the drums to a quaint and peculiar tune, which so excites the spirits of the young men that numbers of them at once rush into the arena, each loudly exclaiming, "I am the brother of the girls! I am the brother of the girls!"

They are then paired off by casting lots, and, when stripped to the waist, a powerful, flexible whip of hippopotamus-hide, five feet in length, is placed in the hand of each combatant, and a certain signal a flogging-match commences.

The strokes are not given at random or in haste, but with the utmost deliberation, each youth delivering his blow in turn, and keeping time to the music. The long, pliant lash descends with keen precision cutting deep into the flesh at every stroke, while the monotonous "hwi," "hwi," goes on unceasingly, and the red streams tell the tale of suffering which the tongues disdain to proclaim. At last the one who can endure no longer falls fainting to the ground, and is

## A TRIP TO ILOILO.

Impressions of the First American to Visit the Philippine Sea-port Which Ranks Next in Importance to Manila.

John F. Bass, the Philippine correspondent of Harper's Weekly, was the first American, since the war broke out, to visit Iloilo, and his observations there are of especial interest, since they have been so completely verified by what has happened within the last few weeks. Iloilo is the second important seaport in the Philippines. The island was surrendered by General Rios to the insurgents, 26th of December. General Otis had sent Colonel Potter on a fast steamer to communicate with the Spanish General, and to notify him of the completion of the treaty, and of the fact that his Government had ceded the island to the United States. When Colonel Potter reached Iloilo he found Aguinaldo's flag flying. This fact naturally complicates the situation in the Philippines, and makes the insurgents all the more insistent upon the independence of the archipelago, and the recognition of the independence of their Government.

There is some suspicion, given expression to by General Merritt, of bad faith on the part of General Rios; and it may be that he might have held on until United States troops reached Panay, the island of which Iloilo is the port, to relieve him and his force. The news of the surrender of Iloilo reached this country on the same day on which the news came of the resignation of Aguinaldo's milder cabinet, to be replaced by a cabinet very much more hostile to the United States, and to control of the islands by the United States, than the old cabinet was.

In his last letter to Harper's Weekly Mr. Bass describes his trip from Manila to Iloilo. He says:

At last the low tin roofs of Iloilo appeared through the rays of sun that pierced a heavy squall ahead, the green hills in the distance framing the narrow channel between the

dollars' worth of property has been destroyed, and all business with the interior is impossible. Iloilo, at present, although quiet to all appearances, is really like a quiet volcano, boiling underneath, but ready at any moment to break out into active revolution. The Catapunan Society has already organized the natives into a potential army. One of the servants of our host was a lieutenant in the mysterious army. In the meantime the revolutionists in the interior of the island are driving the Spanish troops gradually back to Iloilo. The town is very badly defended. There are no fortifications about it. An old fort without any guns sits helplessly on a small promontory in the harbor. There are only some eight hundred Spanish soldiers on the island; the rest of the troops are all native born, and are undoubtedly involved with the revolutionists. As yet the revolutionists



RUE ROYALE, THE MAIN STREET OF ILOILO.

and leave the rest of the islands to Spain, we shall find ourselves obliged either to help Spain suppress the revolution or allow foreign interference. We shall come into conflict with the revolutionists in Luzon, who will undoubtedly send out expeditions to help the insurrection in other islands. We shall be in constant trouble with incompetent and dishonest Spanish officials. It will be the Cuban affair over again. Only this time we shall be far from our base of supplies, and foreign intervention is likely to be much more vigorous. It would be much better not to take any of the islands than to take Luzon alone.

We wanted to visit other places in the islands, but the "manana" policy of the General prevented our doing so, and we found ourselves obliged to return to Manila. We could not even leave Iloilo without permission from the General. He granted the permission eagerly, only too glad to get rid of the troublesome Americans.

As yet the revolutionists

still now than that which the Yankees have assisted in against these islands? To this date they will not call its best people allies. Of their future the Filipinos cannot complain. They have fashioned their own disgrace.

When our arrival became known the whole tone of the press changed, and complimentary notices of our presence appeared in all of the papers. The natives do not appear to be deceived by the bombastic utterances of the press, for, as far as we were able to learn, the natives would welcome an American government enthusiastically. The inhabitants of the island of Panay are not on friendly terms with those of Luzon, and at heart they do not like the idea of being governed by Tagalos from Luzon.

If the United States take Luzon,

and leave the rest of the islands to Spain, we shall find ourselves obliged either to help Spain suppress the revolution or allow foreign interference.

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## WEBS OF MEMORY.

Woven in the Flickering Light of the Domestic Fireside.

"Mildred!" It was the young wife's name which was called, and the husband was sitting in the cozy front parlor of their happy little home, reading by the soft light of the flickering gas burner, and resting his slippers on the burnished brass fender in front of a glowing fire of rosy embers.

"Mildred!" he called again, as when a lover he breathed her name, the sweetest in all the world to him. But there was no answer.

"Ah!" he murmured, "the dear girl does not hear her husband's voice," and he lay back in his easy chair and watched the blue flames dance in and out among the sparkling coals. At such a time memory weaves cunning webs of softened colors and sweet designs, and the young husband's thoughts flew backward and forward in the loom of the past.

Three years ago he had been a mother's petted darling, with no wish ungratified, no comfort neglected, no luxury forgotten. Yet he felt within his heart a tender longing, an empty void, which so far in his happy life had remained unfilled. Mildred Ray came, and the mother's heart knew that the wife was greater than the mother.

A year passed and Mildred was his wife. Gentle, loving, beautiful, he took her to their new home, and for two years she had filled his mother's place, and made his home a beautiful ideal, a four-walled paradise upon earth, yet far above it. He was serenely happy and peacefully comfortable. Mildred had given him her thought, her energy, her time, her endeavor—and he was at rest. He awoke from his reverie with a start.

"Mildred!" No answer. He became alarmed. Was it, then, all a dream? And was he to be rudely awakened?

Alas, for the mutability of human affairs.

"Mildred!" he called for the fourth time.

"Yes, Henry," came the sweet-voiced answer from a sofa in the corner.

"Oh!" he said, in a tone of relief. "Are you there, darling?"

"Yes, hubby mine."

"Well, love, the fire is going out; won't you go and get some more coal?"

"Not much, please! I've been doing the loving-wife slave business long enough, and if you want any more coal you'll have to get it yourself."

Mildred's memory had been weaving a few webs itself, while that fire was slowly getting cold.—Cincinnati

## A SNOW POME.

Th' other fellows at school liked snow when it came.

An' 'nater look through the window, as if they couldn't wait to get out. But I thought it only made mud, like rain, an' I never liked it a bit.

Then wasn't long afterwards when it came thick. That chaps got more crowded, as if a fever didn't want no more itself. An' over 'n' over had to be so allred quick. Else you wouldn't get time to sit. Long 'nough to dry your boots on the oven shelf.

Face washin' I just hate, or any them games. But Sis she liked 'em, an' talked as if they was mighty 'moro' what they look. She says: "Oh! be-utiful snow," same's she says 'bout 'spring' or 'Hebron's Cliff.' What she'd read out Rose Hart's poetry book.

Rain'd 'nough in summer, when you get wet. But, then it's warm and makes you feel as if you don't have to wash or anything. But snow's too cold and slushy, and worst yet. Can't go nowhere but what, biff! A snowball whacker makes your old ears ring.

—Frederick Lincoln, in The Critic.

## HUMOROUS.

"Is he a practising physician?"

"Yes; practising economy."

"Talk about a horse! My wheel saved my life last week." "How?" "I sold it and bought winter flannels."

"Telephone girls ought to make good wives." "Why?" "They get in the habit of not speaking unless they are spoken to."

"Ah, Bosser may be a bad shot, but that only proves he's a good fellow." "How's that?" "Why, he's the boy to keep the game alive."

"Mother," asked little Johnny, peering in between two uncut leaves of the magazine, "how did they ever get the printing in there?"

"Dr. Jigsaw is the only man on our street who doesn't clear the snow from his sidewalk." "He knows the commercial value of wet feet."

"Ah! If our youthful ideals could be realized!" "If they could, we would be circus actors, truck drivers or pirates, the most of us."

Neat-Sighted Lady—There goes Mrs. De Style in her new tailor-made dress. Friend—You are mistaken, my dear. That is her husband.

Jack Bass would raise garden peas. His wife she would raise chickens. But what the two are they get through. They simply raised the chickens.

Tourist—You say he is one of your most prominent citizens. What has he ever done? —Traverse Bill—Fifteen years in the pen.

could get a school now, which is unlikely, and my tuition paid through the first half, too!"

"No tuition will be refunded after a student has actually entered college," said Gertrude Miller gloomily, quoting from the catalogue. "Each student will provide herself with four sheets, two pairs of pillow-cases, six towels, one napkin-ring, etc. I hope your things will be refunded to you, Elsie."

"She isn't gone yet," said Kitty, hopefully. "Go on, Elsie. Real ladies will not interpose. All others requested not to."

"Well, girls, you can imagine I was perfectly crushed when the letter came," continued Elsie, obediently, "and I had no idea of doing anything but packing my trunk and going home."

"And leave this?" "And leave the class of '95!" "O Elsie!" chorused the various sopranos, regardless of Kitty's threatening eye.

"But Kitty said, couldn't I stay if I could pay my own expenses, and I said I supposed I could, if I could write a book or marry a lord, which would be better. But she thought those were both impracticable, and if I can only stay and graduate I know I can teach next year. So that's what Kitty called my plan for."

"What?" came the soprano chorus. "Why, to see how she could pay her own expenses, of course," explained Kitty, briskly.

"I read once of a girl that went through Vassar by mending and sewing for other girls," suggested Mabel Ransom, hesitatingly.

Then Elsie joined the general laugh and said, "That's very helpful to a poor incompetent who can barely sew on a shoe button and who quails in abject despair before a three-cornered tear. Try again, somebody."

"Well, is there anything you can do, Elsie?" persisted Mabel, undauntedly.

"Because—"

"That isn't the way to begin," exclaimed Kitty, with sudden inspiration. "Let's take all the occupations we can possibly think of in alphabetical order and see which one she fits. Of course there is something she can do, Mabel. Don't be so discouraging. A stands for architect—at least it did on my blocks. Elsie, can you build?"

"I did decide to be a carpenter once when I was a little girl," said Elsie, rather forlornly, "and I made a chicken coop, but it wouldn't hold chickens, and I gave it up. Try B."

"My mind won't work alphabetically," said Edith Caldwell. "I haven't thought of anything but singing and sweeping and tinkering and painting and tutoring and weaving and fruit-raising and other things at the tail end of the alphabet. I move we proceed to miscellaneous suggestions."

"What these we all are," broke in Mary Maynard, eagerly. "Doesn't B stand for boiling and brewing and baking, and C for cooking and candy and catering and cake and cookies and chocolate, and don't we all know that Elsie is a born genius in all that kind of thing? Aren't her spreads always more magnificent than anybody's else, and doesn't she always make everything edible, and does anything ever dare to fail under her magic touch? And isn't she an authority on all such? Hear how the subject inspires me, girls! Elsie, be the college caterer, do! I'm sure there are plenty of spreads all through the year that the girls would be glad to be relieved of if the city caterers weren't so expensive."

rangements in the private home had been kindly offered for the evening, had instructed the house servants and privately posted one or two friends in her secret how to keep the ball rolling and was herself in the kitchen with her hand on the pulse of the party, although the party knew it not. Then Chairman Mary, full of unselfish enthusiasm, told the girls all about it while they were congratulating her on her success, and Elsie's debut could not have been more auspicious.

She had asked five dollars for her services over and above the cost of her materials, and she paid her rent and coal bills with more real satisfaction than she had ever felt before in her life. Then, to her surprise and delight—for she had been incredulous—orders began to come. Many of them were small, for very few of the college girls were rich; but every little helped, and her father and mother, sympathizing with her brave efforts to help herself, managed to pay her tuition for the second half year.

Then one of the "professors" wives engaged her help for a series of afternoon receptions, and one of two others did the same, for Elsie had been a great favorite, and the girls generously trumpeted her fame in season and out of season. By and by she found herself the fashion and was as busy and happy and important as could be.

She began to enlarge her scale of work, arranged decorations and souvenirs, hired extra dishes and in short troubled the hostess for nothing but the number of her guests. Mrs. Banks gave her the use of her summer kitchen and gas stove and shared Elsie's prosperity, for she made delicious cake and through Elsie's influence received many an order for it. And when Elsie engaged her little girl to run on errands and assist her generally, the good woman's joy over the addition to her scanty income was complete.

After commencement was over and the books were balanced Elsie found that she paid for her board, books, the dreaded "sundries" and a few clothes and had needed to ask for very little help from home. Her class standing was not so high as it would otherwise have been, but she had gained ten pounds in weight, beside an incalculable amount of experience and a "priceless pointer on her province, as she elegantly put it, when, the night before they all parted, she entertained in her grandest style the girls who had taken counsel together in the Sparrow's Nest.

Mary, as the happy originator of the plan, sat in the place of honor, and when Katie Banks, gorgeous to behold in cap and apron, had brought the coffee and finally disappeared, Elsie made her maiden speech.

"I can never thank you enough, girls," she said. "I couldn't have done it except for your help, both in starting it and in supporting it, and now I want to tell you what it has led to, which is nothing more or less than an entire change of my plans for next year and the future. Mrs. Howard, who gave me my first catering outside of the class work, has been talking to me and says I have a special gift for this sort of thing and I ought to cultivate it, and the small voice within me says she is right. My mind always misgave me about teaching, and I do feel myself absolute mistress of 'rattles,' as Ellen says. Only it seemed so common I never thought of it before as my talent.

"But I am going to throw conventionality to the winds and follow Mrs.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The ancient Egyptians and Assyrians used paint to make their eyebrows seem wider.

The tomb of Mohammed is covered with diamonds, sapphires and rubies, valued at \$12,500,000.

The largest Bible in the world is a manuscript Hebrew Bible in the Vatican, weighing 320 pounds.

New Zealand has a law in force compelling every intoxicated man to have his photograph taken. His picture is then distributed among bartenders and innkeepers, and they must refuse to sell him liquor.

Edible snails flourish in Wurtemberg. One town, Gutenberg, received the other day an order from Paris for 1,000,000 of them. The price paid was \$2 per thousand.

The salt mines of Wieliczka, near Cracow, Poland, were mentioned in 1044, and have been worked since 1240. The first map of the mines was made in 1633 by Martin German, a Swedish mine surveyor.

A Burmese doctor, when called to prescribe for a patient, just asks him to name the day and hour of his birth. If he was born in the morning on a Tuesday, he, of course, requires different treatment than would be given to a man who came into the world on Saturday evening.

Lanterns of scraped horn were invented in England, it is said, by Alfred the Great; and it is supposed that horn was used for window lights also, as glass was not generally known at that early period. London was lighted by suspended lanterns with glass sides, about 1415.

Disrespect to the French Flag. According to a correspondent of the Gaulois the garrison at Toulon has just been treated to a remarkable spectacle. A soldier of the Eighth regiment of marines, under the influence of drink or discontent, or both, insulted the national flag. He was duly reported, and the matter was finally brought to the notice of the general, who saw the opportunity for a grand patriotic display. All the troops of the garrison were formed in hollow square on the parade ground, with the flag in the middle. Then the general called upon the luckless pious by name. He fell out of the ranks, marched to the flag, saluted it, and uttered a faltering apology. "It is well," exclaimed General Coronat, "but if this man had not shown his repentance, one of the picked corps of the colors was ready, sword in hand, to give him a lesson."—London Chronicle.

Getting Rid of Friction. A novel invention has been exhibited before a large number of persons by J. M. Alves, a Russian civil engineer in St. Petersburg. With this invention he proposes to revolutionize the wheels of all vehicle friction is reduced to the lowest possible limit. To the amazement of the spectators an ordinary horse easily drew a wagon loaded with two and a half tons of goods. The mechanism of this device was kept a secret, the wheels being covered with a wooden framework. This precaution on the part of the inventor, it was explained, was because he had just applied for a patent and did not wish his invention made public until it had been protected by the patent.

as the latter was always pleased to see all strangers who arrived in Iloilo. The request, although couched in most courteous form, was evidently an order. We were about to follow the captain, when the manager of the Hong-Kong Bank intervened, and by judicious wire-pulling, gained us the time to eat a bite and wash up before we visited General Rios. The General we found a charming man, most profuse in his friendly professions and promises to expedite our further journey through the islands. These promises he never fulfilled; nor could we blame him much, for we were the first Americans who had come to Iloilo since the beginning of the war, and, considering our position, we were treated most courteously, although regarded with suspicion.

Iloilo, although the centre of the sugar business in the Philippines, does not possess a hotel, and we were obliged, no less volens, to accept the

interior of a badly armed, but supplies of rifles and ammunition are being sent down from Aguinaldo's headquarters in Luzon, and before long the natives will be well armed with Mauser rifles.

How unreliable the local press is will be seen by the following abstract, which appeared on the day of our arrival. This extract, which states that American soldiers are shooting down Spaniards and natives in the streets of Manila whenever they please, shows the methods used to deceive the native population about American government.

DO NOT EXCHANGE. From travelers arriving yesterday from Manila we have heard of the conduct of

Germany and the Carolines. Any one seeking an insight into the ideas and aims of the German colonial party encounters at every turn the idea that Germany must expand over the sea since expansion in Europe is impossible. It is this determination that justifies the frequent predictions by Herr Peters and others that Germany yet will secure the exclusive control of Samoa and the Carolines, even if the cost be war. The Kaiser himself recently has given forcible expression to the general colonial scheme, and the advocates of the acquisition of the Carolines say that the possession of these islands will assist Germany materially, not only to dominate the Pacific, but to secure supremacy in the commerce of the world.

The islands which recent dispatches say are to be sold to Germany as soon as the Cortes meets, embrace two chains, forming, as it were, a T-square—the Ladrones or Marianas and the Carolines, including under the latter the Peleus.—Chicago Record.

A Japanese Bride Tree. At the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted which must remain untouched until the marriage day of the child. When the nuptial hour arrives the tree is cut down and a skilled cabinet-maker transforms the wood into furniture, which is considered by the young couple as the most beautiful of all ornaments of the house.

A Marvel in Floriculture. This gigantic floral eagle and its pedestal adorned the Michigan Central Station grounds at Ypsilanti for a summer. They were designed and

perfected by John Laidlaw, superintendent of landscape gardening for the road, and attracted much attention. The bird was five feet six inches in height.

One of the Yankee personages of most knowledge in Manila, according to what a person who has means of knowing tells us, said not many days ago that to exterminate the Tuguegarao would require fifteen years. Already it has entered into their calculations to employ in Luzon the method followed in America. What destruction more horrible has been practiced

the Yankees in that town toward the natives.

Firearms are used regularly for the most insignificant cause, because for this there is a lack of justice. In direct disregard of orders, they point carbines at the natives, and fire shots at the wisest and most able.

They laugh at the nobility of the Spaniards, and say that the measures which we employ are big—and of little utility. Any Yankee soldier has the right to take the life of those disgraced ones.

A head in the open street has been referred to us, and without their commission having other result than the sentence of the soldier immediately responsible.

As is natural, this conduct, so little in harmony with Spanish sentiments, is here vigorously censured, notwithstanding the fact that the unhappy natives of America, whose race is on the verge of disappearance.

They are all unanimous in their desire to have "Uncle Sam" take all of the islands, and on this topic alone they lose their native conservatism

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ILOILO.

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